The Evening World.

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ON RECORD.

THE President's challenge to Congress has produced the desired result. Both houses are now on record as unwilling to meddle with his handling of the armed merchantman controversy. It is no longer possible for Germany or any other foreign power to point to the United States as a Government divided against itself, or to affront this nation's flag upon the cynical assumption that Congress will push the President aside and take diplomatic negotiations into its own hands in order to keep the country out of war.

That, having performed their duty, Senators and Representatives will preserve an impressive and patriotic silence is apparently not to be hoped. The debate seems likely to go on whenever and wherever Congressmen get a chance to exercise the right of speech.

Not, however, without certain restraints. The World's disclosure of a disguised pro-German lobby at work to turn the votes of members of Congress against the foreign policy of the Administration should tend to make many Congressmen cautious in their further utterance.

Moreover, having said their say with considerable freedom, members of Congress will now be anxious to hear from their constituents and to explain their own attitudes and actions. In the course of which exchange the country itself may have a chance to clarify and register its views—by no means the least urgent need.

TO TRY CONCLUSIONS?

REPORT has it that a German fleet is cruising in the North Sea ready to give battle. If true, this movement, taken with the desperate forward plunge of German armies at Verdun, would go far to support the theory that Germany is now nerved for the mightiest blow she has yet struck.

Despite rigorous suppression of facts, who knows what ominous conditions and privations among the German people may be pushing the Imperial Government to a supreme trial of strength? As only a sign, for example: The German comic weeklies have been duly bellicose. But of late they have also been full of grim allusions to the rising cost of food. In Simplicissimus a thin-cheeked little girl, trudging beside her mother, who carries a lightened market basket, asks wistfully, "Mother, how much more does the snow cost this winter?"

It has been said often enough that the decisive conflict must come in the west. No news of fighting comes from Russia. The Turks alone uphold the Teutonic end farther east. Germany appears to be exerting all her strength on the western front.

May it be that the German Government does not dare to let time bring the German people too near the limit of their endurance?

"NO FUTURE."

THERE is a lesson in the mistake of the young manager of a New York firm's Philadelphia office who stole his employer's money and gambled with it "because he couldn't see any business future before him."

At the very time he was risking that future and the happiness of his wife and child the owner of the business was planning to retire and hand over to him the Philadelphia branch because he seemed to have proved himself worthy of the gift.

Many a bright young man in the twenties comes up against the feeling that he's not getting ahead as fast as he should and is tempted to take a chance along some short but crooked path. If he stops to think it out, however, he sees that, dull as the outlook may be, ten to one it's all the while to somebody's interest to watch his work and calculate his future value. Steady effort and self-improvement plus the determination to win out is a combination the business world never gets too much of.

For a young man the brightest thing about the future ought to be that if he builds honestly toward it there's no telling who or what may come along to enlarge a hundredfold the plans.

Hits From Sharp Wits

The man who jumps at conclusions frequently discovers that he has taken the wrong kind of exercise.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

* * *

The world will not laugh with you if you laugh at your own jokes.

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Be careful how you give advice to those who you believe will take it.—Albany Journal.

* * *

Some men are really wicked while others are merely candidates for office.—Nashville Banner.

* * *

When some men have the grip they are cross and grouchy and disagreeable about the house. And when they do not have the grip they are cross and grouchy and disagreeable about the house.

Most of the wisdom gained by experience can be summed up in one word—don't.—Deseret News.

* * *

If we could be wise and young at the same time perhaps we wouldn't be happy.—Baltimore Sun.

* * *

Most of our troubles are small ones, it's the excess of thought that we give them that makes them look large.

* * *

When a man ostentatiously admits that he has faults he expects some one to contradict him.—Albany Journal.

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Some autoists are concerned with the distance they can get out of a gallon of gasoline, while others are interested only in the distance they can get out of a minute.—Nashville Banner.

Letters From the People

A Tax Suggestion.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It has been advocated that a large direct income tax be levied on the gross incomes of all corporations doing business in New York City, and that at least $15,000,000 additional taxes should be levied upon public utilities corporations in the city. This is supposed to be for the purpose of "relieving real estate" and thereby of increasing the values of New York City locations. We could try this experiment upon a small scale before taking the risk of practising it on the city. Every business building charges the rent that its location and advantages will warrant. Now, suppose that we allow one building to charge, in addition, a tax upon the business of its tenants, and, especially, make its elevators a source of revenue. We know that even if the tax and the elevator revenue be very small, the building will shortly be vacant, because the tenants will move to a place where they are not subject to such exactions. The case seems to me exactly parallel to that of a city. Merchants and manufacturers desire to come here, because they are free from exactions and they pay a rent based upon that freedom. If we put fines upon their business, or increase revenues from transportation, we shall have poorer business and less rents. BOLTON HALL.

Profits of Small Stores.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can some experienced reader tell us the average profit of a small candy and stationery store? Also the amount of capital necessary? I mean one where cleanliness is to be one of the main points. This may interest many others who seek business openings. E. B.

The Connecting Link

By J. H. Cassel

Lucile, the Waitress

—By Bide Dudley—

"GOSH, kid!" said Lucile, the waitress, as the newspaper man dropped a lump of sugar into his coffee, "I had a lot of fun in here this morning."

"What happened?" he asked.

"It was poets' day," she continued. "We had three of 'em at the counter. Say, I always thought poets were sort of heavenly, epidermis individuals, but shucks—they ain't at all. Say, all three of 'em ate with both front feet in the trough. But listen! Get my chatter!

"I saunters up to one of 'em, not knowing his procrastination for writing verse, and says: 'What'll you have? Don't give me no salve. I s'pose you want beef. Come on—I ain't deef.' I did it just to be sociable, kid, but you should a' seen the effect. He looks up and says: 'You're a poetess, ain't you?'

"'Not me,' I says. 'I idok this way because I been sick.'

"Well, sir, it got his goat. 'You don't need to imagine,' he answers, 'that poets are all hungry looking. I write verse for a living.'

"'That's probably why you're banqueting here,' I says.

"'Rot!' he avers. 'I make good money at it. I'm the man who wrote the poem "The Woman With the Washboard."'

"'Honest, kid, he's so proud I couldn't help it. I give him one superlative look and answer: 'So you're a scrub poet, eh?'

"The man next to him starts to laugh. 'Got your number, ain't she, Algernon?' he asks. Say, that gets the other fellow wild.

"'You think you can write poems?' he says. 'If you didn't have a job jumping counters in the daytime the ragman would take after you and throw you in his bag.'

"The other restrains his temperament. 'Evidently you didn't care for my poem, "Mother's Custard Pie,"' he says.

"'No, I didn't,' says the scrub poet. 'Pastry has no place in poetry. He looks at me for help. 'Has it, little lady?' he asks.

"'Pie's place,' I says, 'is in politics.'

"A third man starts to laugh and the first two bug their eyes at him. 'Both you fellows put together couldn't write any poetry as fine as my "Six Months Behind the Bars,"' he says.

"'Did you write it from personal experience?' I ask. You know, kid, there are times when pure deviment grips me and is a non-resistent.

"'Oh, bunk!' said the victim of my reparty. 'Did you ever read any of Edgar Allan Poe's poems?'

"'Edgar Allan Poe never wrote any poems when he was here,' I answer.

"'Here?' What do you mean?' demanded the sore one.

"'Why, Edgar Allan Poe was our negro porter here last month. If he ever wrote any poetry he had the good sense to keep still about it.'

"That lined all three of 'em up against me. 'My dear young lady,' said the first, 'you talk too much with your mouth. If I had the inspiration I'd write you a poem just to show you a real rhyme. However, my head is cleaned of ideas.'

"'With a vacuum cleaner, I presume,' I says.

"The three of 'em substituted into silence at that and I went to the kitchen to tell the chef about the affair. When I come back they were leaving. Mazie had waited on 'em.

"'Some day,' says one, 'I'm going to write a poem called "Brainless" and dedicate it to you.'

"'Fine,' I says. 'You ought to be able to do it great. Your own personality will stick out of it, like a pimple would on Lillian Russell's nose.'

"That was the apex of the situation, kid. They all three just scowled and out they went. Poets ain't very deep in the upper story, are they?"

"Apparently not," replied the newspaper man.

Lucille picked a stray biscuit off the floor and put it back on the plate before the diner. "By the way, kid," she said, "I'm going to write a poem for my little sister to speak in school as soon as I can find a rhyme for 'vacation.' What about dessert? Want to try the ice cream? You got a strong stomach, haven't you?"

The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

"THIS is 'Better Babies' Week,'" remarked Mrs. Jarr, "and I am going to a meeting of the Modern Mothers at the Hotel St. Croesus."

"Well, enjoy yourself," remarked Mr. Jarr, good humoredly.

"That's easy enough for you to say," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But I never enjoy myself at the Modern Mothers. What right has Miss Pruyne and other old maids to tell me how to raise the children I have, or Clara Mudridge-Smith, who is married and has no children, to tell me how many in a family it is proper for persons of moderate means to have?"

"Well, don't you care," advised Mr. Jarr.

"Still, I think it is a good idea to have a 'Better Babies' Week,' only I just can't see how it is going to do any good," said Mrs. Jarr with a puzzled air.

"I neither," remarked Mr. Jarr. "Still, it's the week we should celebrate, because"—he paused as an ear-splitting squall arose from the dining room where Master Jarr and little Miss Jarr were engaged in conflict—"no family has better babies than we have."

"Yes," Mr. Jarr went on, "it is well to have a 'Better Babies' Week,' and I wish it was declared a national holiday, and then I wouldn't have to go to the office. But, as it is, the family is getting to be more largely and widely considered at the same time that the family itself is getting more restricted."

"That's the very idea," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Fewer babies and better ones."

"It is like the old puzzle conundrum," remarked Mr. Jarr, "The higher the fewer.' For I notice that the higher the society the fewer the children. But as I was saying, I am glad to note that the family, while getting smaller, is having more holidays to celebrate it. We have 'Mothers' Day' and, I believe, though I didn't notice the shops closed and the flags out—'Fathers' Day.' This week it is 'Better Babies' Week,' and next year, I assume, we will celebrate 'Uncles' Day' and 'Aunts' Day' and 'Grandpas' Day' and"——

"Well, I suppose I will have to go," she sighed. "I haven't a thing to wear and I feel ashamed to be at these meetings when every other woman except myself is attired nicely, and I'm wearing the same old duds. But it's easy for those women to be nicely dressed. If they had children to buy shoes for and to keep dressed respectably for school and church perhaps they would have to stint on their own clothes too."

"Fie!" cried Mr. Jarr. "My dear, are you speaking of the Modern Mothers?"

"Yes, I am," whimpered Mrs. Jarr. "If the Modern Mothers had children to feed and clothe they wouldn't be able to dress as they do or have the time to run around to meetings to discuss 'better babies.'"

At this point the Jarr children came in from the dining room and, seeing their mother was prepared to sally forth arrayed in her best attire, they began to cry and demand to be taken along.

"There, now, you see!" remarked Mrs. Jarr plaintively. "You see how it is. I can't go anywhere without these children carrying on in this way. I can't take them with me, as no children are permitted at the meetings of the Modern Mothers."

Then she turned upon the children and brought them to sniffling quietude by a few well-administered smacks. "And I'll give you both a good whipping, if I hear you haven't behaved while I am gone!" she added.

Then she sallied forth, but scoffed when Mr. Jarr advised her to report to the Modern Mothers that an old-fashioned spanking was the best method to follow in a "Better Babies" crusade.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

LOVE is the lightning elevator which keeps whirling you up and down between the Seventh Heaven and the ultimate Purgatory.

Kisses follow confidences; when a man begins telling one woman about his love for another, he gets the two so mixed up that he doesn't know which he is going to propose to.

When love flies out of the window, platonic friendship sometimes comes in at the door, and proves a much more satisfying and delightful fireside companion.

A man never can understand why a woman will insist on "drawing the line" at a kiss, simply for the pleasure of tempting him to step over it.

The girl who reposes her faith in a man is apt to find her repose somewhat broken.

Polygamy may not be fashionable; but, though it sounds paradoxical, it would be a great deal easier for a man to be true to a whole harem than it is for him to be loyal to just one wife.

A masculine writer wants to know the difference between a "wrapper" and a "negligee." About $30 difference—or the difference between the cost of taking your wife out to dinner and the cost of the little after-theatre "snack" you would offer a chorus girl.

Marriage is the covenant into which two people enter for the glowing purpose of sharing one another's hopes, ideals, struggles and aspirations, and in which they usually end by sharing nothing but the button-hook.

The road to social distinction is paved with false pretensions.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

THE BEAR; By Etienne Barsony.

IN the centre of the thronged village square the two trained bears were performing. Joco, a Bosnian peasant, owned them. He began the performance by a clumsy dance with his huge bear, Ibrahim.

People stared at this part of the show in fascinated horror. For Ibrahim was a savage brute that stood seven feet high on his hind legs. Muzzle and chain and iron-bound cudgel were scarcely enough protection to his master from the snapping jaws of the giant animal. And, because of the danger, the villagers regarded this dance as the star act of the day.

Capt. Winter, quartered at the nearby barracks, loafed past the square and stopped to watch the enormous bear's sulky antics. Thence, his gaze shifted to Joco. The peasant's face went ghastly white as his eyes met the captain's. The officer made no sign of recognition, but let his glance stray to Joco's second bear and to a girl who sat beside it on the ground.

This other bear was much smaller and gentler than Ibrahim. It was yellow and roly-poly, a born clown. Joco had named it "Mariska."

A Perilous Dance.

The girl, who sat beside Mariska, was gloriously beautiful. Capt. Winter flushed with admiration as he looked at her. She was getting to her feet, at an order from Joco, and was dragging her little bear out into the cleared space. She was evidently a favorite with the villagers. They hailed her as "Zorka," and shouted delightedly as she nodded and smiled at them.

"Jump, Mariska! Jump!" she cried, gaily.

The little bear hopped about in a clown-dance until even the called "Jump, Mariska! Jump!" could no longer arouse the beast to fresh activity. Then Zorka did a dance on her own account—a dance so wildly daring and withal, so graceful, that Capt. Winter was utterly bewitched.

That evening, when the show was over, Joco and Zorka returned to the inn with their tired bears. Ibrahim was securely tied in a cupboard and Zorka went to a private sitting room to rest. Joco was about to follow her when Capt. Winter stopped him.

"I know you," said the captain. "You are a man who deserted from my regiment two years ago. At a word from me you will be sent to prison. Sell me your slave girl, Zorka, and I will not only let you go free, but pay you a good price for her."

Joco tearfully protested that he loved Zorka and that she loved him. Winter was not to be shaken by any appeals. Again he gave the peasant his choice of going to prison or giving up Zorka.

At last, with a sigh of defeat, Joco agreed to the cruel bargain. He even consented to go to the sitting-room and break the news to Zorka. Presently he returned to the captain and said, brokenly:

"Come this way, sir, if you wish to speak to her."

Triumphantly, the captain followed him down the corridor. Joco flung open a door. The victorious Winter strode across the threshold. Joco slammed shut the door behind him.

Beyond the Closed Door.

A moment later, through the closed panel, came a yell of fear, followed by a deep growl. Joco had locked Capt. Winter into the closet where Ibrahim was tied. But first he had untied the bear and had taken off the brute's chain-muzzle.

Next day Capt. Winter lay in the barracks hall with candles at his head and feet.

Next day, in a village a few miles distant, the spectators applauded delightedly as the laughing Zorka called to her little bear:

"Jump, Mariska! Jump!"

When a Man's Married

—By Dale Drummond—

CHAPTER XVII.

"I'LL drop you at your door," Mrs. Lawrence said to Robert, as they were making their adieux to their hostess.

"Thank you, that will be most kind," Robert said in his pleasant way before Jane could refuse.

As they drove swiftly along Robert and Marion Lawrence kept up a running fire of small talk and laughter. Once Robert asked Jane why she was so quiet, and she told him her head ached, so her silence was not again commented upon. When they reached the house she barely said good night, and hurried into the doorway, where she stood until Robert had bidden Mrs. Lawrence good night, and also again thanked her for bringing them home.

"Do hurry up," Jane called, before the car had moved out of hearing. "I don't intend to stand here all night!"

"Sh—s, Jane. Marion will hear you."

"I don't care if she does!"

"Why, Jane, I thought you would be delighted to ride home, instead of"—Robert hesitated, as he remembered Jane had said her head ached.

"I WOULD be delighted to ride home in a car of my own, but I don't care to ride with people who only ask me out of pity."

"Out of pity! I don't understand, Jane. Why should any one pity you?"

"Because I'm married to a man who cares nothing for me!" Jane commenced to cry.

Robert said no more but undressed and went to bed. In the morning neither of them mentioned the dinner, although whenever they had dined out before it had formed the topic of their breakfast table conversation.

When Robert reached the office that morning, Mr. Barton called him into his private office and told him that he had decided to raise his salary, naming the amount. From now on he was to receive $150 a month. It seemed almost too good to be true and all day Robert thought of Jane's delight when he should tell her.

He was kept at the office very late that night and by the time he reached the train he was undecided whether to tell Jane or not. It seemed almost cruel to keep it from her, she would be so delighted. But she was inclined to be extravagant, to so underestimate money, what it would buy, that he feared she would only become more reckless in her expenditures. Then he remembered she had promised him solemnly not to run in debt again. He really thought she HAD promised, while really she had only listened to his commands, so he decided to tell her of his good fortune. When he reached Westland he almost ran, he was in such a hurry to impart his good news.

"Not over that yet?" It was Marion Lawrence who asked the question, as she stopped him with her outstretched hand. "I did not see you on the train," she continued, then laughingly, "I should imagine you had become a responsible married man by this time, and able to walk home, instead of nearly knocking your friends down in your hurry."

Robert flushed, then said impulsively: "I've had a raise, Marion, and was anxious to tell Jane. She will be so pleased, although I shall probably have to explain why I am so late if I stand here talking."

"Others are pleased also, Robert. I congratulate you. Oh, there come Mrs. Harding now!" as Jane turned the corner and came full upon them. Robert was still holding Marion's hand, which she had again extended when she voiced her congratulation.

"So glad to see you!" Marion said, turning to Jane, who looked curiously from one to the other. "Your husband has such good news for you. I was congratulating him. Really, I feel almost guilty to have stopped him at all. He was rushing along the street like a madman, however."

"Good news?" Jane queried, as she glanced first at Marion, then at Robert. What could it be, and why should Marion Lawrence tell her?

"Yes! Why don't you tell her, Robert, about the raise you received to-day?" Then she turned to Jane and added: "He said he was running to tell you."

Jane's face hardened. So Robert had made Mrs. Lawrence his confidante! He had had a raise and Marion Lawrence had been the one to tell her of it.

(To Be Continued.)

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

"IF our customers would carry their parcels with them instead of having them delivered it would save us $230,000 annually," said the superintendent of a large department store. "Figure it out for yourself. We make about 50,000 sales per day, and about 40 per cent. of the goods are delivered. Deliveries average two or three items to a customer, making about 8,500 deliveries daily. Each package costs us about 9 cents to deliver. Multiply these items by each working day and you strike close to $230,000 for the year.

"In Manhattan, from the Battery to One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, 7 1-7 cents per package. In Brooklyn, including Coney Island, Flatbush, Ridgewood and Greenpoint, 9½ cents. In Jersey City, including Hoboken and Weehawken, 10½ cents. In the Bronx zone, including Yonkers, Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, Tuckahoe and Mamaroneck, 6¼ cents. In Portchester, including the various towns from Larchmont to Stamford and White Plains, 13 1-3 cents. In the Hudson River district, from Hastings to Tarrytown, inclusive, 11 cents. On Long Island, from Long Island City, 12½ cents. On Staten Island, including Bayonne, 11 cents. To Hackensack, N. J., including Homestead, Closter, Plainfield and Elizabeth, 8 2-3 cents.

"This averages 10.55 cents per package. But, as many more packages are delivered on the Island below One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street than outside this section, the average cost of delivery per package drops to from 9 to 8½ cents.

"All lost motion and waste effort in deliveries are reduced to a minimum. Each package is as carefully routed as though it were a carload bound for the Orient.

"Hence little is left to the driver's initiative. He receives only packages destined for his territory. As in scientific management in a factory, the planning has been done previously."